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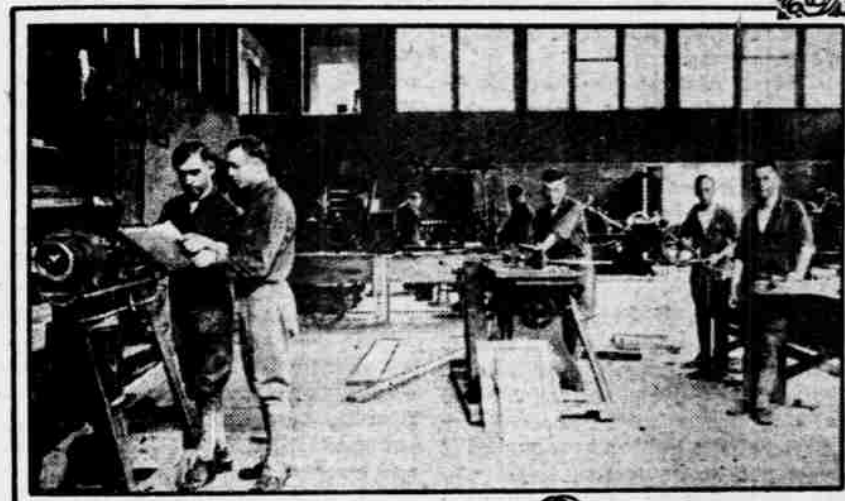
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SECTION
FOUR

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Making New Men of S. C. D.'s



IN THE MACHINE SHOP AT
HOSPITAL NO. 9.



WOUNDED MEN, SOME WITH
LIMBS MISSING LEARNING
TO BECOME TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

War Hospital in Former Lake- wood Hotel Is Training School

GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 9 did not have to be built to order. The Lakewood Hotel at Lakewood, N. J., was one of the very few buildings available salubriously situated within easy distance of the receiving or clearing house hospital on Ellis Island, and yet never themselves designed for such a use, which could be made to do with mere interior rearrangement.

It had the size, being as big as all outdoors; it was uncommonly light and airy for an all year round hotel; it stands in a square of pines, firs and lawn with a pleasant park before it; and while it was two stories higher than the authorities might have wished it, its construction made it reasonably fire-proof.

Securing it saved the Government some hundreds of thousands of dollars, which was a detail, and several months time, which was really important. That is why the rehabilitative or reconstructive training we have been hearing so much about has been carried further there than at any of the other general military hospitals near New York, although several have made promising beginnings.

They challenge you at the entrance, of course. A lank six footer with a Colt looks on benignly while you state your errand to a Captain, and then you are conducted through the rather wealthy looking lobby, much in its statu quo ante, and eastward by an interminable corridor to the educational department and Major Reagle.

Posters a Feature of Main Corridor.

This corridor is populous with nurses, aids and washed out looking, slow footed men in faded summer khaki; it is also beset with bright posters, obviously 'prentice work but good, which admonish the passerby to "Brush Up—All Brains Get Dusty," "Don't Camouflage Lack of Knowledge—Overcome It," and offer various courses of study free on Uncle Sam.

The significant thing if you but knew it is that when you stated your errand nobody hid a grin. Later on you gather that at first, when the educators were installed, the grins were open. They called it the mud pie department behind its back and the original local potentate, an army doctor who had picked his profession while Custer was still alive, would be trepanned, laparotomized and generally resected before he'd see women—women, by gad!—at the bedsides of his wards teaching he-fighters how to make leather purses and weave worsted mats and carve jimeracks.



BEDRIDDEN,
HE PRACTISES
ON THE
TYPEWRITER.
HE WILL BE
TURNED OUT
A FINISHED
STENOGRAPHER

He had to be shown, and he was shown, first, that the moment you get a sick or wounded man's mind off his rheumatism or his jumpy heart or his shrapnel splintered humerus, and on the making of something worth while with his hands, that moment begins that man's rapid return toward usefulness to the army, or, if past military service, to his family and himself. It was the army, however, that the old line doctor officer had in mind.

Full Cooperation Given by Hospital Staff.

And second, that "ambulatory cases," duly trained, could do the hospital's printing, cobbling, truck raising, tailoring, tinkering, drafting and so on, thus getting work done on the premises and keeping down the bills. Before he left that Colonel was a convert. Now they all are. Major Reagle smiles with satisfaction as he reports 100 per cent. cooperation of the regular hospital staff with his department.

A glass enclosed veranda goes all around the front of the building and the two forethrust wings. It is in this veranda on the northerly wing and in the adjoining pavilion, where pampered hotel guests once played tennis in midwinter, that the department is quartered. The quarters look a little as if education had been nearly crowded off the premises, but the classes have what room they need at present and the patients studying architectural draughting have completed the plans for the promised auxiliary buildings.

The indoor tennis pavilion is the heavy vocational shop, an orderly welter of automobile engines and bodies, carpenter benches, linotype machines, hand presses and printers' forms, electricians' gear, cobblers' lasts, tailors' dummies and sewing machines, and the faculty knows what else. The more sedentary classes in arts and crafts and in academic subjects from the three R's up meet in sections of the veranda. But if a patient's heart is set on learning to be a linotyper he need not wait to be up and about; the instructor goes to him at the bedside, and so does a dummy keyboard. The same with telegraphy and every other subject where it is possible, and the Government has provided a technical library.

Then there is a farm near by with a graduate

Cripples From Trenches Re- stored to Lives of Usefulness

"Aggie" of the best to do the instructing. The farm made a late start last spring. It was nearly June when the sod land was broken, and although a Mr. Ford of Michigan chipped in one of his little motor tractors and others made donations the initial outlay for the truck garden alone came to several hundred dollars.

The crops turned in to the hospital's kitchen have squared this indebtedness handsomely. Next season twenty acres, no less, will be under cultivation and there will be pigs and chickens and a greenhouse and hot frames and cold frames galore. "If we offered the man 'agriculture,'" a sergeant on the staff explained, "we shouldn't get many takers. These fellows come back very low in their minds. They're out of the job they started life in and don't see how they'll get back, and they're out of the glorious new game that they were broken into, and many of them know they're out for good."

"In those circumstances the work they once did year in and year out may not look very appealing. Plenty of 'em had enough agriculture to last the rest of their lives before they were inducted into the army. But call it 'farm engineering,' throw in some motor apparatus and other toil savers and show your patient how he can learn to beat the dreamy old hillbilly game and qualify to run his own farm on scientific lines—and you've got him."

No Patient Has to Go to School.

Getting him is the educational department's initial problem, not only for its agricultural but also for all its other courses. No patient is compelled to go to school at No. 9; nothing good would come of it if he were. He is allured.

The staff advertises for students; it drums up business in the wards, the physicians and surgeons helping. The posters, products of the commercial art course, emblazon the whole building and they are the smallest feature of the campaign, which is an effective one, for the present enrolment of students is nearly half the number of patients, and a considerable proportion of the others should not be counted, being still unable to go to school.

The army, with respect to their future, divides all patients in three classes: those who will be able to return to full military duty, those who will be put in shape for limited service and those who will have to be given a surgeon's certificate of disability and discharge. Roughly, among every twenty